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THURSDAY
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AT THE CLUB.

"BABY, HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR EYE-GLASS IN SO WELL?"

"YOU MUST CLIP YOUR EYE-LASHES, DOLLY."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI.

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IT is an auspicious sign of the times that the vile slander affecting the domestic life of the President that was promulgated by the Rev. C. H. Pendleton, pastor of the Main Street Baptist Church, of Worcester, Mass., was so promptly killed. We are inclined to believe that this circumstance indicates that the American people are determined that the present Presidential campaign shall not be one of scandal and filth, and are encouraged in this belief by the fact that the liar who originated the rumor seems not to have been acting under political direction, but merely upon his own venomous impulses. He has been repudiated by the Republican press, at any rate.

* * *

THE worst feature of this wretched affair is the circumstance that so base a calumny should be given to the public by a minister of the Gospel. Of all who heard the whisperings of this contemptible rumor, it was reserved for the sanctimonious lips of a clergyman to spread abroad the slander. He made no investigation as to its truth, but with criminal recklessness sowed the noxious seed among the highways and by-ways of men. The scourging that this reverend scandal-monger has received will be a lasting warning to all others of his kind, but he deserves no sympathy. With a full knowledge of the pain his words must bring to a sensitive and gentle nature, he deliberately gave them forth. Nor has he yet done what is in his power to atone for his villainous folly—if only folly it be. He has written an apology to the President, to be sure, but what reparation is that for so cruel an injury as his? If the Rev. Mr. Pendleton really desires to convince the public that his remorse for the evil he has done is genuine, he will yet do his part toward tracing the rumor he was so willing to father, back to its original source. Indeed, he owes that duty to himself, to the President, and to the people of the United States.

* * *

AND Pendleton's folly need not, after all, prove an unmixed sorrow to those whom it was intended to

injure. It has at least demonstrated to the lady of the White House that she has an incontestable place in the affections of the people, and to the President that his countrymen, whom he has so worthily served, will not listen to evil of him with patience. It is, nevertheless, a deep disgrace to the cloth, and a lasting injury to the cause of Christianity that a clergyman should be the first to give serious pain to the young gentlewoman who has, since her elevation to high place, endeared herself by graciousness and kindness to all the people, high and low, rich and poor.

* * *

IT may yet be a question worth serious discussion as to whether steeple-chasing is an amusement of sufficient importance to justify the constant sacrifice of human life. We are so very careful of accident in some directions that it seems a trifle ridiculous to be inhumanly lax in others. For instance, our laws provide for nets under trapeze performers, and recently prohibited the great Sullivan from sparring in Madison Square Garden, for fear he would hurt somebody; whereas circus-performers seldom fall when there are no nets beneath them, and, as Mr. Sullivan justly remarked to a reporter, "The man I hurt worst was Slade, when I knocked 'im off the stage, an' he was around drinkin' rum the same night." We should be sorry on a great many accounts to have steeple-chasing prohibited on our race-tracks, but if some unfortunate jockey must give his life every few days to furnish amusement for the race-goers, it is time the sport was stopped.

* * *

THE great cataract at Niagara possesses a wonderful fascination for foolhardy idiots, who are willing to take chances with death for money. Two of these are now making preparations to go over the Falls in a barrel, and the railroads are getting up excursions from the neighboring country to witness the feat. We do not object so much to the risk run by men who place so little value upon their own lives, as we do to its being made a public spectacle. Such forms of amusement appeal to the lowest sentiments of men's natures, and are degrading in their effects. All the interest of the spectacle lies in the probability that the fools in the barrel will be killed, as they deserve to be. It is the same sentiment that attracts the crowds to the Falls that induces men to witness a hanging or a murder trial. And why does not the law put a stop to these exhibitions? The American side of the Niagara reservation is in the hands of a State Commission, which ought to be able to control our side of the river. Is it because an attraction of this nature draws a profitable crowd to Niagara Falls that these men are allowed to thus trifle with death?



He: WHY IS A GIRL OF THE PERIOD EXPERIENCING HER FIRST KISS LIKE A STEAMER ABOUT TO LEAVE PORT?

She: WELL?

He: BECAUSE SHE IS ALL BUSTLE AND CONFUSION.

IN THE MEANTIME.

EDWARD, dear, I hardly know my own heart," said the girl, softly, "and you must give me a little time to think it all over."

"Will you want very much time?" he asked, tenderly and hopefully. "When may I come for an answer?"

In a low, sweet voice the girl replied, "At the end of the season." And she arose languidly, adjusted her tourneur with the gentle tap indicative of noble birth, and moved gracefully away.

"I SAY, old man, can you tell me what is the first present mentioned in the Bible?"

"Give it up."

"Why, Eve presented Adam with a Cain, stupid."

A PILGRIM—One of the old blue-mass variety.

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

HE: Why does that Miss Jaundice always wear Lilies-of-the-Valley?

SHE: I can't imagine—particularly as flowers of the plain would be so much more appropriate.

THE PROPER METHOD.

MRS. DE RICHE: Now, John, don't forget that ton of coal—and I want it delivered *a la carte*!

FARMER (*sneeringly*): After you get through digging, what are you going to do?

AMATEUR GARDENER: Put a porous plaster on my back.

"SHOOT folly as it flies" is good enough for a winter quotation. The summer rendition is: "Shoot flies as they follow."

WHEN a thin man visits you, lodge him in the spare room, of course.



A FUTURE BACON.



THE HOME BASE.

EN with scratches and bruises,
And covered with loam,
Though it's nearest the umpire,
There's no base like home.



PERHAPS some sporadic foreigner in town would like to convince himself that baseball is really our national game. This being the case, let him start, by way of the Elevated Railroad, at the very hottest period of our hottest afternoons, for the Polo Grounds—so called, because polo is not played there. The cars will be crowded to suffocation with others who are going to see the game, and he will stand up all the way. At 116th Street he will get out with the others and crowd with five more of his kind into the wreck of a two-seated coach, while three more ball-enthusiasts will climb up to the box-seat, the driver sitting on the foot-board, and thus he will jolt merrily over to the entrance to the grounds. He will not know by what route he came when he gets there—provided he is not killed in transit in a collision with other carriages—for he will have traveled in a cloud of dust so thick that one might drive tacks in it. Most of this dust will be on his clothes, down his back and in his eyes when he buys his ticket.

* * *

UNLESS he has arrived an hour or so before the game is called he will find all the seats in the grand-stand taken, and he will go and sit out in the hot sun upon a rough board and watch from ten to fifteen thousand Americans in their shirt sleeves howl and shriek and bellow and yell as the game proceeds. He will ascertain, on his homeward journey, if he cares to enquire, that these ten or fifteen thousand people have all had a delightful time, and that there is not an upright collar, a presentable pair of cuffs, nor a clean face among them. And he will go to the next game, and the next, and the ones after that, and will regret all his life that he does not live in a country where baseball is a national institution.

* * *

HUNGRY JOE, the eminent bunco-steerer, who has just finished a two and a half year's engagement with the State prison authorities, is in town again. The rural visitor, who meets the nephew of the president of his local bank, will confer a favor upon himself if he refrain from accompanying that nephew to the place where the \$5,000 painting he drew in a lottery is stored.

THE people of Moncton, New Brunswick, recognize merit when they meet it. A lady of that place, who conducted a saloon in violation of the excise laws, being on trial, horsewhipped the prosecuting attorney in court, whereupon the admiring citizens presented her with a diamond ring.

MOTTO for those who go to Jerome Park: There's many a slip 'twixt the race and the tip.

"COUES, ELLIOTT, scientist; son of Samuel Elliott Coues and Charlotte Haven Ladd Coues, b. at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 9, 1842; chiefly known by his numerous works on ornithology, mammalogy, herpetology, bibliography, comparative anatomy, and natural philosophy—"

as he informs us, per proof slip of a biographical sketch he has just completed, writes to ask LIFE to cartoon him and make him famous. Professor Coues is famous enough already as an Esoteric Buddhist and an exoteric simpleton; but, nevertheless, if he will leave his material body in Washington and come on to New York with his astral body, we will endeavor to accommodate him. We shall recognize him by the green aura.

THIS is the proper season of the year to construct a dynamite bomb for the man who will ask if it is hot enough for you every day for the next two months. Make it a big one that will scatter him far and wide.



Before

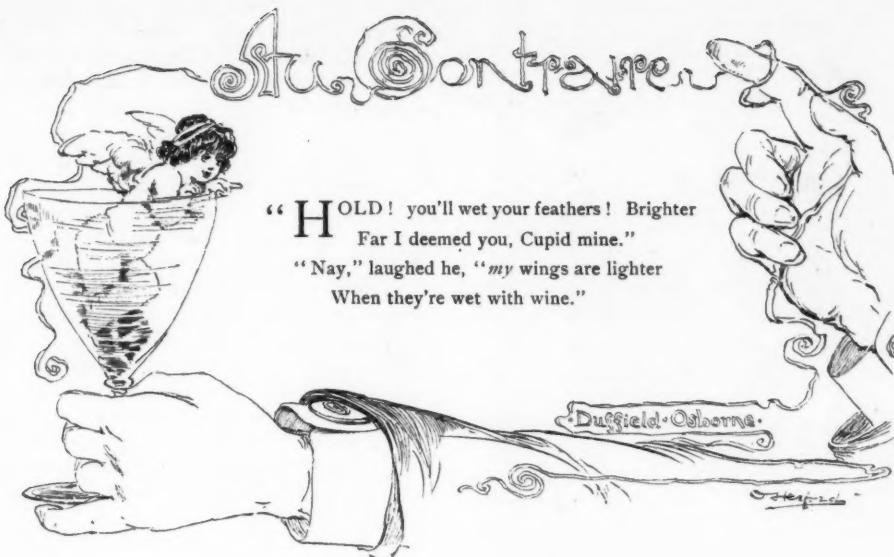
OUR
FRESH AIR
FUND



After

NOW that the warm weather is really here we doubly rejoice in the kindly spirit shown by our readers toward the suffering little prisoners of the city. Remember what three dollars will do in this direction. It means two weeks of fresh air, fresh food and fresh fun to a little being who never had it before. There are many thousands of them, and you needn't be afraid of giving too much.

Previously Acknowledged	\$127.00
F. B. H.	10.00
B. O. C.	10.00
Fuji Yama	10.00
A Reader50
Stuart Robson	20.00
Sequsg.	6.00
N. W. C.	10.00
H. E. M.	5.00
H. L. V.	30.00
	\$228.50



AN EXPLANATION.

Mrs. S. : I WONDER WHY THOSE PEOPLE OPPOSITE STARE OVER HERE SO MUCH ?

Mr. S. : I SUPPOSE THEY ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT WHY YOU STARE OVER THERE.

YOUTHFUL THEOLOGY.

BOBBY: I don't think Dod was very polite, mamma.
MAMMA: Why, Bobby, what makes you think that?
BOBBY: You always told me 'at ladies should be 'tended to first, and Dod 'tended to Adam 'fore he 'tended to Eve.

PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

BROWN: You don't look well lately, Robinson.
ROBINSON: No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.
BROWN: Nonsense; your lungs are all right!
ROBINSON: Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

YOUNG PHYSICIAN (*inspecting citizen on the floor at the police station*): This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged.

OFFICER MCGINNIS: Your right. I drug him all the way from Casey's saloon, two blocks down the street.

NOT TO BE IMPOSED UPON.

MMR. O'HOULIHAN: Faix I axed to luk at a lamp.
D'ye call that a lamp?

CLERK: Yes, sir; that's a fairy lamp.
MR. O'H.: Oh, ho-ho! A fairy lamp, is it? D'yez tuk me fer a fairy?

SOME bungling work can always be expected at a barrel factory.

WELL CONNECTED—The bucket.



Charlie: OH, JACK, YOU SAID A BAD WORD JUST NOW.
 Jack (who has just hit his finger with a hammer): I DON'T
 CARE IF I DID. IT HURT AWFULLY.
 Charlie: BUT YOU SAID A CUSS WORD.
 Jack: WELL, GRANDPA DOES, OFTEN.
 Charlie: OH, JACK, HE DOESN'T; BUT IT WOULDN'T MATTER
 IF HE DID, BECAUSE HE IS DEAF AND CAN'T HEAR HIMSELF.

BOB'S MISTAKE.

THE trouble with orator Bob—
 The fault that his usefulness mars—
 Is his failure to get through his nob
 What to use when he looks at the stars.
 The microscope isn't the thing—
 It makes specks like planets appear;
 But it's utterly worthless to bring
 The far-away entities near.
 Try a telescope sometime, dear Bob;
 'Twill bring down the stars through the night,
 The dim, distant spheres of their nebulae rob,
 And bring them out clear to the sight.



ONE WAY OF "FACING THE TIDE OF PESSIMISM."

A STORY entitled "Stubble or Wheat?" (Randolph), by S. Bayard Dod, has been ambitiously announced as an effort "to face the tide of pessimism that is sweeping through our literature, and ask men to listen to both sides of the question." From an allusion in the text it is a fair inference that the author became alarmed at "The Truth about Tristrem Varick," and decided to write an antidote for it. It should not take much of a book "to face the tide of pessimism" as represented by "Tristrem Varick," but it is not unseemly flattery to Mr. Saltus to say that "Stubble or Wheat?" is a poor barrier to his muddy stream.

The intention of the book is all right, but its methods are without skill or force. As a story it violates the first rule of

construction by putting the final catastrophe in the opening chapter. There is not a touch of character in it except the portrait of *Alexander McKenzie*, which is rather attractive; and for argument the reader is abundantly supplied with cant and generalities.

* * *

IF Mr. Dod will calmly look at the question, without the prejudices which sometimes obscure the clear vision of the partisan, he will see that Calvinism and pessimism have much in common, and that they put their adherents in something of the same attitude toward life. Neither Calvinist nor pessimist expects much from life, and is accordingly never disappointed; but both are often agreeably surprised with unexpected pleasures which the one calls "blessings" and the other "accidents." A man with a well-settled working-creed like either of these is not going to commit suicide; he has schooled himself for the very worst that can happen, and takes the sunshine of life as a bounteous gift.

So it is that the happiest men one meets are pessimists or Calvinists—for the only unexpected catastrophe which threatens them is joy.

* * *

IT is unfortunate, also, that this story is announced as "a thoroughly Princeton book," giving "a picture of life at Princeton which is sure to recall pleasant memories;" and, moreover, "it is imbued with the Princeton modes of thought, and it cannot fail to interest every graduate of the college to find her safe and solid principles asserting their claim to be heard in the field of fiction as well as in the able *Review* which represents her."

To be entirely accurate (which used to be considered one of Princeton's "modes of thought"), there are exactly 25 pages out of 264 devoted to Princeton—and in these James Odoriferous, the college huckster, occupies as large a place as James McCosh, the college President. The one glimpse of student life (which stands for the announced "picture of life at Princeton which is sure to recall pleasant memories") is a wholly unnatural account of the discussion about a football game in the Captain's room—in which a tipsy student is supposed to be very funny. It can be vouched for that an exhilarated Princeton student who could not be funnier than this over a football victory would be ignominiously expelled from the Captain's room.

And, finally, if this book is really "imbued with the Princeton modes of thought," then have McCosh, Atwater, Patton and Ormond lived in vain!

Droch.

NEW BOOKS •

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. Parts 17 & 18. New York: The Century Co.

The Thompson Street Poker Club. From *LIFE*. New York: White & Allen.

Sons and Daughters. By the Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Stray Leaves from Newport. By Esther Gracie Wheeler. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Rents in Our Robes. By Mrs. Frank Leslie. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Sandra Belloni. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

AFTER THE THEATRE.

"COME, let us make a night of it!"

"Can't do it, old man; I'm engaged to be married, you know, and I must begin to husband my resources."

"Hum! When it comes to marrying, I hope to husband somebody else's resources."

NOT EASILY EM-BARRASSED.

"HAVE you kept track of young Baboony lately? At the rate he is going on he'll soon be seriously embarrassed."

"Embarrassed? Nonsense! you don't know the man. He asked me for the loan of a hundred this morning without the quiver of an eyelid."

A TYPE-SETTING machine, which can do as much work as eight compositors, has been invented, but as it can't cuss the proof-reader it is doomed to failure.

THE post-mortem of the latest cigarette victim resulted in the certificate of death, from Virginia Bright's disease.



"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE HEIR."



A WELL FOUNDED REPORT.

Miss Ethel (confidentially): Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week.

Miss Clara (with enthusiasm): Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

"MODERN PAINTERS,"	Ye clubmen late.
"As You Like It,"	They take it straight.
"The Scarlet Letter,"	Their work of art.
"The Second Sight,"	A very good start.
"The Pathfinder,"	Each one despairs.
"The Woman in White,"	The wife on the stairs.
"Beyond the Gates,"	We dare not go.
"Out of the Wreck,"	To-morrow will show.
"A Face Illumined,"	Marks well their joys.
"Twenty Years After,"	The same old boys.

B. McV. A.

TENNIS AS IT IS PLAYED.

OLD LADY (*explaining to a friend*): And after each point they call out the score; so when Charley sent the ball back it was "deuce," and when the other man missed that made it "dam."



THE AN COM

IF HE IS GOOD FOR NOTHIN' HE



HE AN COMEDY.

NOTHIN' HE CAN TAKE A DEGREE.



LIFE'S TIPS.



RACING is now at its height, and LIFE would be neglecting its readers if it did not give them a few useful hints pertaining to the royal sport.

In the first place, plunging is very bad form, particularly for clerks whose weekly salary does not exceed seven dollars. Such vulgarity as winning \$15,000 on one day's races may safely be left to Pittsburg Phil and his professional associates.

In accepting tips, weigh well your information. Look into the pedigree and record of your informant. Ascertain whether any of his ancestors were ever convicted of perjury, and secure written evidence connecting him with some reliable church. Then listen carefully to the tip and immediately go and lay your money on another horse.

Young women should always pretend ignorance of the horses in a race. Even if a girl does know all about them, most men who lose gloves, candy and other luxuries, may be depended upon to pay up without any jogging of memory. On the other hand, if a girl is prettily ignorant of the fact that the horse she has backed has finished in the race a bad nowhere, few men are so brutal as to enlighten her ignorance by dunning for the wager. At the end of the season this ignorance will have made quite a saving for the girl who practices it properly.

People who are ignorant of racing might be inclined to think that book-making was a literary industry. It is not. It might, however, be called a pursuit, the object of which is the five-dollar bills of the unwary.

"The race is not always to the swift" is a very estimable proverb, but in racing you will, nevertheless, find it a good rule to place your money on the swiftest horse.

Among the books that will help you in the study of this subject you will find valuable "The New Anthropology, or the Changes in Modern Races" and "Race Tendencies in North America." The Dwyer Brothers attribute their success to the careful and frequent perusal of these standard works.

When on the grand-stand and in the hearing of ladies, see that your conversation is plentifully sprinkled with racing terms, as it will create a favorable impression. "Very fit," "Garrison's up now," "I'll give you an air-tight" and similar expressions will be found most effective, particularly if you carry a field-glass strapped over your shoulder.

Scatter tips indiscriminately, whether you know anything about the horses or not. If they prove wrong, they're no worse than other tips, and if by any chance one should prove right, you will gain the reputation of being a very knowing fellow indeed.

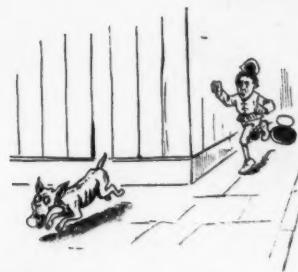
If you happen to be present on one of the days when a short horse pays \$545.62, you will find it advantageous to tell your friends how near you came to buying one of those tickets. Such stories always command attention, and you will find yourself listened to with respect.

Finally, read carefully the racing news in the daily papers. You may not be able to tell a fetlock from a handicap, but you will be able to talk learnedly of the odds for future events, and this is more than enough to gain you a reputation as a racing man.

Metcalfe.

A YOUNG WIFE'S FIRST 'CAKES,
AND WHAT THEY ACCOM-
PLISHED.





A NINETEENTH CENTURY PROPHET.

A HIGH degree of interest attaches to the intelligence that Mr. Lawrence Oliphant has reverted to these shores.

Mr. Oliphant is the author of "Picadilly," and the reputed author of "Irene McGillicuddy." Persons not past middle life may easily remember these works and the gratification that the more intelligent portion of English-speaking mankind experienced in reading them. Mr. Oliphant has produced other works since then—novels, records of personal adventure, recollections and such like—all eminently readable. His very latest work was finished immediately prior to his departure from England, and is like none of the others. It is a religious work.

If we say that Mr. Oliphant is a crank, he will please to understand that we take off our hat to him first, and use the word with the most respectful intonation.

MOST men who have much in them at all, are conscious, first or last, of certain germs of restlessness abiding in them, and prompting them to break loose from the things that are obvious to the sense, and strike out for the things of which only the soul takes note. It is to this rebellious propensity that many curious passages in the lives of men have been due, actions that seemed purely freakish and unaccountable by any of the set rules of human conduct. For most men who have these feelings, circumstances are too strong to avoid, and the relations of life make a harness for them in which they labor on in patience to the end of their days.

M R. OLIPHANT is one of the exceptions. The consciousness that humanity is making a mess of life,

which came to him as it comes to many others, never left him. He happened to marry a woman who understood and shared his feelings, and, abetted by her, suddenly at thirty-six he tipped the world out of his barrow as a laborer dumps a load of sand, turned his back on his "future," and started out to find what he should find. An English Member of Parliament resigned, disappeared, and turned up next as a farm laborer in America.

* * *

O F all that Mr. Oliphant did before, and all that he has done since, there is not space here to tell. Some people have already heard, and others who may wish to know can learn from the newspapers. It is enough to say that he thinks that he has succeeded in condensing the results of his experience into a book from which people may learn what there is in life and how to get it.

* * *

I NTERESTING as Mr. Oliphant is, and remarkable as his experience has been, we have very limited expectation of profiting from his latest labor. The only people who can understand such a book as we suppose he has written, are people who have learned to understand life, and such persons, we think, will usually be found to have a pretty clear inkling of what is said in the New Testament.

If anybody wants a nice, fresh religion that hasn't been worked out, and isn't being overworked at the present time, we don't see why he should need to go farther after it than the four Gospels. Nevertheless, we are curious to learn what Mr. Oliphant has got to say, for he has read a great deal, and seen a great deal, and has thought a great deal about it.

E. S. M.



Old Gentleman: STRANGE! I DON'T SEE A GRAVE OF A PERSON AS OLD AS I AM.

His Daughter: WHY OF COURSE NOT, FATHER, YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS IS A COMPARATIVELY NEW GRAVEYARD.

NOVELISTS TO DINE.

M R. JULIAN HAWTHORNE extends this liberal invitation through the medium of *Belford's Magazine*:

"I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than a thousand dollars a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all they want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterwards, and a hack to take them home in; and I will agree to forfeit a thousand dollars to the Home for Imbeciles if twenty-five dollars does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. One hack would be sufficient, and would allow of their putting up their feet on the seat in front of them."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

GROCER: See here, you haven't settled your bill yet. Last month you paid promptly on the last day of the month.

CUSTOMER: Yes, and you gave me a cigar!

GROCER: Well?

CUSTOMER: Why, I've been sick ever since and unable to work.

A SMALL DIVIDEND.

FIRST TRAMP: Well, how much did ye get out of the felly?

SECOND TRAMP: Faix, only enough for meself.

FIRST TRAMP: And is this de way yer stand in wid me, Mickey?

SECOND TRAMP: Sure, all Oi got was a kick. Ye can take yer share of that, if ye want it.

AT BAR HARBOR.

HE: Why, it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel.

SHE: And rather cool, too. I ought to have something around me.

HE (*with a familiar movement of the arm*): That's so!

"WHY do they all laugh at that fellow's humor? It is not real humor."

"True, but it can't be distinguished from the genuine."

THAT one swallow does not make a summer may be true, but one mosquito can make it hot enough for anybody.



SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

(*At an East-side Picnic.*)

"ELLA CASSIDY, WILL YER HOOF DIS WALTZ WID ME?"



THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

THE finals now are drawing near,
When life of every kind,
As Mr. Mantilini says,
Is one "demnition grind."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"My pilgrimage has been in vain," he moaned. "I am but 21 years of age, and am altogether too young for this town. The youngest boy-orator is 33, the bright young republican politician is over 45, the rising young lawyer is 37, and to be a member of a newspaper baseball nine one must be at least 22 and have a family of his own."—*Buffalo Express.*

"CLARA," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "say to that young fellow that a storm is coming up."

"All right, sir; thanks," responded the young fellow himself. "I hadn't noticed it. I think I'll wait and see if it doesn't blow over."—*Sun.*

ROUNDTOWN: That's the new steamer *Cibola*. Fine craft, isn't she?

OUR POET: Er—I don't care for her. She won't rhyme to anything, doncher know.—*Toronto Grip.*

BEARDED STRANGER (who ran away to sea when a boy): Do you remember a boy named Dick Dart?

DISTRICT TELEGRAPH MANAGER: Very well. Twenty years ago I sent Dick around the corner with a message requiring an immediate answer."

"I am Dick Dart."

"Well, give me the answer."

OLD MAN (from the floor above): Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara?

YOUNG MAN (nervously): Yes, sir; but he is trying to get away. *Harper's Bazar.*

"Is there any thing more lovely in all this world," said a gushing young mother to a bachelor who had been victimized into holding the baby.

"Now tell me," she went on, as he stood mute and helpless, "is there anything more delightful to have about you than a dear little innocent creature like this?"

"I think I should rather have a parrot," was the timidly spoken reply.

"A parrot? How dreadful! Why would you rather have a parrot?"

"Because you can sell a parrot, or give it away."—*Merchant Traveller.*

FOND FATHER: John, I read in the paper that your baseball nine "lit on the opposing pitcher and pounded him all over the field." I hope you had no part in the disgraceful affair.

JOHN, '91 (sadly): No, father, I did not hit him once.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



Packer's Tar Soap removes impairments of the skin, and establishes in their stead that healthful, brilliant, natural cuticle which must be the basis of all **Beautiful Complexions.**

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was no painter, but all the same he was the first landseer of America.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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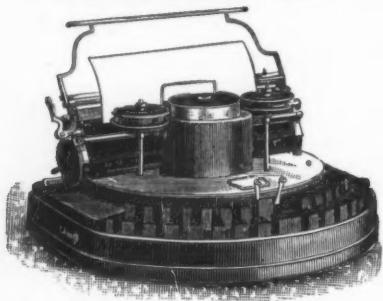
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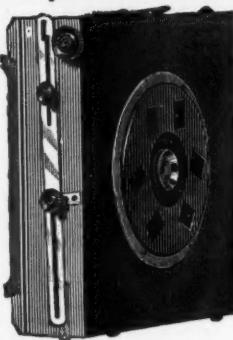


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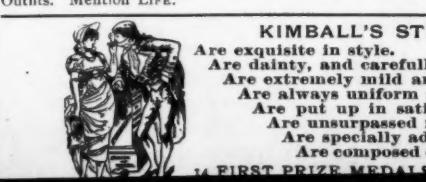
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